

The most lamentable Tragedie

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Pantheon Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fve hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:

Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall. What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

of *Titus* A

Titus. What would you bu

Marcus. No noble *Titus*, bu
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bur

Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou
And with these boyes mine ho
My foes I doe repute you euer
So trouble me no more, but ge

3. *Sonne.* He is not with him

2. *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius*

The brother and

Marcus. Brother, for in tha

2. *Sonne.* Father, and in tha

Titus. Speake thou no mor

Marcus. Renowmed *Titus*

Lucius. Deare Father, soule

Marcus. Suffer thy brother

His noble Nephew heere in ve

That died in honour and *Lani*

Thou art a Romaine, be not b

The Greekes vpon aduise did

That slew himselfe: and wise

Did graciously plead for his F

Let not young *Mutius* then tha

Be bard his entrance heere.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that er

To be dishonoured by my son

Well bury him, and bury me t

They put him in

Lucius. There lie thy bones

Till we with Trophees doo ad

They all kne

No man shed teares for noble

He liues in fame, that dide in v

Titus